

BLINDFOLDED

A Mystery Story
of San Francisco

BY

EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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Then I saw that Wainwright had come forward, despite my bidding, eager to take his share of the onslaught. And by some freak of the spirit of the perverse the boy, who had shown himself so timid during the day, had now slipped out of his room and climbed upon a chair to see what the excitement was about, as though danger and death were the last things in the world with which he had to reckon.

I caught a glimpse of his form out of the tail of my eye as he mounted the chair in his night dress. I turned with an exclamation to Wainwright and was leaping to cover him from a possible bullet, when there was a roar of rage and the voice of Terrill rang through the hall:

"Tricked again!" he cried with a dreadful oath. "It's the wrong boy!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

On the Road.

The wrong boy!

For a moment I could not understand nor believe; and when the meaning of the words came to me I groped in mental darkness. But there was no time for speculation. Half in a daze I heard a roar of curses, orders, a crash

of glass as the lamp was extinguished, and over all came the prolonged growl of a wolf-voice, hoarse and shaken with anger. There was a vision of a wolf-head rising above the outline of faces a few yards away, dark, distorted, fierce, with eyes that blazed threats, and in an instant I found myself in the center of a struggling, shouting, swearing mass of savage men, fighting with naught but the instinct of blind rage. I doubt not that I was as crazy as the rest. But in my madness there was one idea strong in my mind. It was to reach the evil face and snake-eyes of Tom Terrill, and stamp the life out of him. With desperate rage I shouldered and fought till his white face with its venomous hatred was next to mine, till the fingers of my left hand gripped his throat, and my right hand tried to beat out his brains with a six-shooter.

"Damn you!" he gasped, striking fiercely at me. "I've been waiting for you!"

I tightened my grip and spoke no word. He writhed and turned, striving to free himself. I had knocked his revolver from his hand, and he tried in vain to reach it. A trace of fear stole into the venomous anger of the one eye that was unobscured, as he strove without success to guard himself from my blows. But he gave a sudden thrust, and with a sinuous writhe he was free, while I was carried back by the rush of men with the



Illustration by Fred and Sam, No. 1000

ague impression that something was amiss with me. Then a great light flamed up before me in which the struggling mob, the close hall and room, and the universe itself melted away, and I was alone.

The next impression that came to me was that of a voice from an immeasurable distance.

"He's coming to," I said; and then beside it I heard a strange wailing cry.

"What is it?" I asked, trying to sit up. My voice seemed to come from miles away and to belong to some other man.

"That's it, you're all right," said the voice encouragingly, and about the half of Niagara fell on my face.

Then the mists before my eyes cleared away, and I found that I was on the floor of the inner bedroom and Wainwright had emptied a water jug over me. The light of a small kerosene lamp gave a gloomy illumination to the place. Lockhart and Fitzhugh leaned against the door, and Wilson bent with Wainwright over me. The boy was sitting on the bed, crying shilly over the melancholy situation.

"What is it?" I asked, gathering my scattered wits. "What has happened?"

"We've been licked," said Wainwright regretfully. "The rest of the boys got took, but we got in here."

And me seen the nasty knock you and dragged you back, and when got you here the parlor was full of the bounds, and Porter and Abrams and Brown was missing. We found

you was cut, and we've tried to fix you up."

I looked at my bandaged arm, and put one more count in the indictment against Terrill. He had tried to stab me over the heart at the time he had wrenched free, but he had merely slashed my arm. It was not a severe wound, but it gave me pain.

"Only a scratch," said Wainwright. I envied the philosophic calm with which he regarded it.

"It'll heal," I returned shortly. "Where is the other gang? Are they gone?"

"No; there's half a dozen of 'em out in the parlor, I reckon."

"You'd better tell him," said Fitzhugh, shifting an unpleasant task.

"Well," said Wainwright, "we heard orders given to shoot the first man that comes out before morning, but before all to kill you if you sticks your nose outside before sun-up."

The amiable intentions of the victors set me to thinking. If it was important to keep here till morning, it must be important to me to get out. There was no duty to keep here, for I need fear no attack on the boy who was with us. I looked at my watch, and found it was near 1 o'clock.

"Tie those blankets together," I ordered, as soon as I was able to get my feet.

The men obeyed me in silence, while Wainwright vainly tried to quiet the child. I was satisfied to have him cry, for the more noise he made the less our movements would be heard. I had a plan that I thought might be carried out.

While the others were at work, I cautiously raised the window and peered through the shutters. The rain was falling briskly, and the wind still blew a gale. I thought I distinguished the dark figure of a man on guard within a few feet of the building, and my heart sank.

"How many are in the parlor, Wilson?" I asked.

Wilson applied his eye to the keyhole.

"Can't see anybody but that one-eyed fellow, Broderick, but there might be more."

A flash of memory came to me, and I felt in my pocket for Mother Burton's mysterious scroll. "Give that to a one-eyed man," she had said. It was a forlorn hope, but worth the trying.

"Hand this to Broderick," I said, "as soon as you can do it without anyone's seeing you."

Wilson did not like the task, but he took the envelope and silently brought the door ajar. His first investigations were evidently reassuring, for he soon had half his body outside.

"He's got it," he said on reappearing.

A little later there was a gentle tap at the door, and the head of the one-eyed man was thrust in.

"It's as much as my life's worth," he whispered. "What do you want me to do?"

"How many men are in the street below here?"

"There's one, but more are in call."

"Well, I want him got out of the way."

"That's easy," said Broderick, with a diabolical wink of his one eye. "I'll have him change places with me."

"Good! How many men are here?"

"You don't need to know that. There's enough to bury you."

"Have Meeker and Terrill gone?"

"Tom? He's in the next room here, and can count it a mercy of the saints if he gets out in a week. Meeker's gone with the old man. Well, I can't stay a-gabbin' any longer, or I'll be caught, and then the devil himself couldn't save me."

I shuddered at the thought of the "old man," and the shadow of Doddridge Knapp weighed on my spirits.

"Are you ready for an excursion, Fitzhugh?" I whispered.

He nodded assent.

"Well, we'll be out of here in a minute or two. Take that overcoat. I've got one. Now tie that blanket to the bedpost. No, it won't be long enough. You'll have to hold it for us, boys."

I heard the change of guards below, and, giving directions to Wainwright with funds to settle our account with the house, I blew out the lamp, quietly swung open the shutter and leaned over the sill.

(To be continued.)

BUMPER TOBACCO CROP.

Raised in Madison County, and Good Prices Realized.

RICHMOND, Ky., Dec. 22.—This has been a busy week for those who raised tobacco this year, as well as for the ones who had their previous crops pooled, in that they have sold nearly all the weed and set this as the week of hauling it to the depot. A continuous stream of wagons loaded with hogsheads have been pouring into the freight house here all the week, most of which is being shipped to a house in Louisville.

It has developed that more tobacco was raised here than was ever predicted, due, it is said, to the fact that farmers would not even confide in their nearest neighbors just how much, if any, tobacco they were going to attempt to raise. Good prices prevail here for the weed, and each farmer seems to be overjoyed that they are almost getting their own price.

All kinds of China on a special table. YOUR CHOICE FOR TEN CENTS. HENRY H. HALL. 12-14-e-o.d.



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WIDOW AND LITTLE DAUGHTER OF EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Miss Elizabeth Harrison, the little daughter of the late Benjamin Harrison, is now eleven years of age, the youngest living daughter of an American ex-president. It was in 1896 that General Harrison married Mrs. Mary Scott Lord Dimmick, a niece of his first wife. The marriage for a time caused an estrangement between the ex-president and his son and daughter. Little Elizabeth was about four years old when her illustrious father died.

THE STITCH IN TIME.

Yuletide Gifts One Can Make at Her Leisure.

EMBROIDERY SILK CASE.

A Comfortable Possession For the Woman Careless With Her Skeins of Silk—Couch Cushion That is a Little Out of the Ordinary.

The case shown here is an ideal receptacle for embroidery silks.

In it they remain smooth, straight and clean. In the book are sheets of plain paper. Each skein is laid between them.

Cut two pieces of linen 11 by 4 inches. Place the design in the center of one of the pieces, with a piece of carbon paper under it. Draw around the design. The embroidering is done in a plain, solid Kensington stitch. Next cut two pieces of pasteboard, 8 by 2½ inches. Cover these with the pieces of linen, turning the material back over the edges, and sew it back and forth from side to side. In the center of the long edge of each piece sew a piece of half inch satin ribbon for the fastening. Cut two pieces of plain white paper 7 by 1½ inches. Paste these pieces firmly over the wrong side of the covers for a finish. Lay the covers wrong sides together and overband them neatly down the back.

To make the inside of the case, cut three pieces of plain white paper, 7½



CASE FOR EMBROIDERY SILKS.

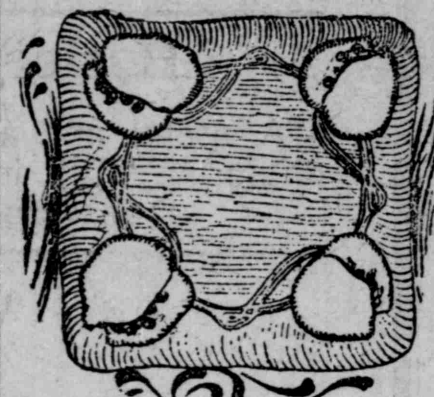
by 14½ inches. Fold one sheet of the paper exactly in the middle, the fold being of the seven and a half inch length. Fold each half over again, bringing the outside edge of each half over until it touches the center fold. Repeat this folding on the other two sheets, and put the center fold of each sheet together, one over the other. Put these folds against the overhanding down the center of the case and sew through all. This forms six little pockets in which to put the skeins of silk.

It would be a pleasing idea to put a skein of silk in each pocket before sending it to a friend as a Christmas gift.

Applique Couch Cushion.

A method of work which produces the same bold effects as those of the stencil, but with greater richness and effectiveness, is that of applique. The use of one fabric upon another, with outlines and small details of design brought out by embroidery, is peculiarly pleasing in its results and a method which has heretofore not been thoroughly appreciated by art needle workers. The principal object in these simple designs is the obtaining of good

restful lines with broad effects in color and mass which are not handicapped with too much detail. Applique is well suited to this purpose and is very easily done. All that is necessary is to cut out the design and after carefully basting it in place make it secure by a couching stitch about the edge. The outlines of the design are then worked in outline stitch and the small details in satin stitch as required. The seed pod design illustrated



IN SEED POD DESIGN.

ed is so simple that almost any woman accustomed to art needlework could cut her own pattern, but craftsman shops, however, sell these designs for those who cannot make their own for the seed pod cushion. A gray green canvas could be chosen, and the pods could be cut from golden linen with the seeds done in a brilliant peacock blue. This would give a sharp color contrast to the pillow. The couching and outlining are done in rich golden brown floss.

Odd Bit of Neckwear.

There is no end of the kind of collars worn this season. Everything is possible in neckwear. This embroidered French collar shows quite a new touch that may be copied at home.



FOR THE MODISH GIRL.

The stock itself is of linen, hand embroidered. It is finished at the top with a ruffle of lace. At the right side of the tab is a full frill of lace which in some cases runs all the way down to the waist. It is governed according to the figure.

Woman Doctor Now a Politician.

Those who formerly knew Miss Margaret Long, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, in the days when Roosevelt was second man in the department would scarcely recognize the learned political organizer, Dr. Margaret Long of Denver. Miss Long took all kinds of degrees at Johns Hopkins, among them an M. D., with the highest honors in her class. She selected Denver to practice her profession mainly because her sister, Helen Long, had a tendency to tuberculosis and she hoped the climate would aid her efforts to fight off the disease. Miss Helen Long died about four years ago, but her sister continued to live in Denver. Now she is one of the most powerful of the enfranchised women of the Centennial State. She has been selected as one of the delegates who will convey the sympathy of the women of Colorado to the struggling sisters of the east when the convention is held in February. Dr. Long is so busy with politics that she has turned over her large practice to another woman physician. She has become an excellent public speaker. She is one of the leaders of the suffragists who hope to enter into active competition with man in holding public office.

The Holiday Season



is a happy one for all particularly in the pretty and attractive homes that are finished indoors and out with our perfect and artistic millwork. Staircases, wainscotings, mantels, arches, panels, stairways, etc., look doubly pretty

when decorated with the Christmas signs like holly, mistletoe, etc. It is truly the "house beautiful" if the woodwork is furnished by us.

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NEWSBOYS PREPARING THEIR CHRISTMAS FEAST.

The newsboys in nearly all the large cities, particularly New York, get their full share of enjoyment out of Christmas. They nearly always prepare a big feast and invite some prominent men to dine with them and help them to celebrate the occasion. This picture shows a group of New York "newsies" preparing the annual Christmas "banquet."

Sane Politics

Their Important Bearing on Business

By DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER,
President of Columbia University.



The most urgent matters for the American people to settle to-day, and to settle right, relate to the fundamental principles which shall control their political policies, as these policies are related to business.

Three, and only three, paths are open to us. First, we may, if we choose, adopt the policy of laissez faire, or let alone, which has been powerfully advocated by political philosophers of high authority.

Second, we may take the opposite course and endeavor to exercise collective ownership and control of the agencies and instrumentalities of productive industry and of transportation, which is socialism.

Third, we may, while preserving to ourselves the extraordinary moral, economic and political benefits which flow from individual initiative and the adequate reward of individual endeavor, lay the collective hand so heavily upon business activity that the individual's self-interest shall, if it be possible, be held always subordinate to the common good.

To many, like myself, it is sufficient to state these three alternatives to recommend the one last named.

This is such measure of individual and corporate oversight and control as changing circumstances may require in order to prevent self-interest in its excess from damaging the common good, without checking its beneficent activities.

The questions involved in entering on this course of action are in part ethical, in part economic and in part political.

When we pass from controlling principles to concrete matters, we find ourselves face to face with the fact that in order to settle wisely the relations of our present-day politics to business, we must deal with three chief problems—that of banking and currency; that of the transportation systems of the country; and that of the large corporations which carry on the manufacture and sale of products.

No one of these three great questions is properly a matter for partisan exploitation or for party difference. Each of the three should be settled as common-sense business men would settle any question, after a close study of all the facts and with the public interest always uppermost as a controlling motive in pointing to any given solution or settlement. The American people cannot solve these questions of banking and currency, of the railways and of the great industrial corporations, either with rhetoric or in passion. They can only solve them by intelligent, solicitous study and reflection.